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AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST *is;* but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is *not*, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry, and surely a trustworthy witness for the point he makes. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are, as I was a year ago, misled by supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community, when it seems no more to be the organ of that body than though such body had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, with others, and find it "first best" of its class. Of all the *solidaire* Socialistic organs, it stands without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Old subscribers express enthusiastic appreciation of the paper, whenever they say any thing of its character; but it is evident that the hard times are bearing so heavily on the tax-burdened people, that they find it difficult to spare a dollar or two for a paper they really prize. Now and then an able-bodied man writes sending a dollar and apologizing for not sending two to pay for a full year, by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks! Others, yet worse off, ask us to give them a month or two more in which to prepare for a similar payment. Such letters touch us in a tender spot, and we shall do what we can, without actually entering on the credit system, to help bridge over present poverty. In a few instances wealthy readers of the SOCIALIST have sent five dollars or more to pay for the new volume, the amount in excess of two dollars being intended as a gift to us. Such cases are rare, but they suggest a method whereby the real spirit of Communism might act so as to relieve poor people and at the same time extend the circulation of our paper, notwithstanding the hard times. Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription, and who is interested in our cause, send the dollar to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would like the SOCIALIST sent, *and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume.* That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack. There are plenty of men who can spare a dollar for such a cause as this, if they can but be appealed to. The success of any such plan depends on the earnestness with which our readers themselves will advocate and make it known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

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IMPROVEMENT OF CHARACTER.

When a company of people assemble and form a Community, or unite in any intimate association, they inevitably begin to study one another's characters and make estimates of them; and the closer and more intimate the association the more critically will this be done. It is of the first importance that these estimates of character should be true and just. Unless they are at least approximately so, real unity and good feeling will be impossible. But the moment one undertakes to make such an estimate a serious question presents itself. It is this: Can a just opinion of a person's character be formed by a few days' observation and conversation? Is it not also necessary to discover whether the man or woman you are studying has been progressing upward or downward from a former state which was better or worse than the present? Is the man an improving character, or does he remain about the same year after year?

These questions involve the antecedent one, whether it is possible for persons of mature years to undergo a thorough change of character and disposition. Some people do not believe such changes can take place. Consequently, if a person does a wicked or mean act today, or talks in a rude, offensive way, they assume that he will be equally liable to act or speak in the same way any number of years hence, and they always suspect him of the latent disposition to do such things. Other people, on the contrary, have unbounded faith in the possibility of sudden, radical, and lasting changes of character, brought about by means of revivals, conversions, the criticism and advice of friends, etc. The first class are willing enough to accept reports of changes from good to bad, but are very slow to believe in changes from bad to good. It would seem, therefore, that this involves a matter of belief in the comparative strength of good and evil influences, in addition to the study of individual character. If a person believes that good is stronger than evil, his estimates of his associates will be very different from those of another who holds the contrary opinion, that evil is stronger than good.

In a Community this is a matter of supreme importance. Mutual confidence and respect lie at the foundation of all social happiness; and as these depend on the estimates we make of our associates, it is evident that the two beliefs we have mentioned will lead to very different results. Those who hold the belief that character can be rapidly and permanently improved will be much more charitable and willing to renew confidence, when there is evidence of a change, than will those of the contrary belief. It is indispensable in the leader of a Community that he should believe in changes, growth, and improvement; otherwise, when one of his subordinates falls into bad ways or fails in any respect to act his proper part, he will be immediately marked down and never again trusted as before. This would make life intolerable, for every man who has done wrong wants a chance to regain respect and confidence.

It will be objected that the question of fact as to the possibility of such changes in adult persons ought to be considered apart from any view of the results of a particular belief, and that it is not justifiable to adopt a belief in regard to ascertainable facts, on the ground that the results of that belief are beneficent. Very good; but we suggest that the difference in the results of the two beliefs which we have indicated is so important that the question of fact ought to be very carefully examined. And we can say for ourselves that we have had opportunities for observing so many lasting conversions from bad to good experience, and have seen so many cases where selfish, unfaithful, irresponsible persons became unselfish, faithful and reliable, and remained so, that we feel assured any one who studies and observes under favorable circumstances will believe, as we do, in the feasibility of producing the most radical changes in the direction of true refinement of heart and life. At any rate, the results of this belief are a sufficient incentive to a thorough study of the subject, and of the most favorable conditions for securing such changes.

MALTHUSIAN FACTS.

II.

If we have a clear idea of the rate at which population is increasing, and realize the fact that the power of increase is unlimited except by repressive circumstances, we are now in condition to study the question of subsistence.

But we must first note carefully the difference of the geometrical and arithmetical ratios: for example, the English-speaking peoples, having quadrupled since 1800, that is, from 22,000,000 having become 88,000,000, will in 1950, within the lifetime of our children and grandchildren, reach with the same ease 352,000,000. Nothing will prevent this result except changed conditions. The inherent power of multiplication adds millions as easily as hundreds when the starting-point is proportionally large. But it is quite otherwise with additions to subsistence. Land which will only bear ten bushels of wheat to the acre can be improved so as to bear twenty bushels, and subsequent improvement may even double this: but when we approach fifty bushels to the acre we are coming to a limit depending on the capacity of the surface to expose the leaves of the plant to the sun. This natural limit must probably prove insurmountable; for we know of no method by which the complicated molecules which the animal body uses for its food can be made but by the action of sunlight on the leaves of plants. Fifty bushels of wheat to the acre has been quite common in the remarkable season of 1877, and it is possible that sixty or even seventy might be attained under the most favorable conditions; but here we must stop. Two hundred bushels to the acre is an impossibility. But the quadruple population of 1950 will need two hundred bushels of wheat in the place of fifty now. It is plain that they must occupy four times as much ground.

We have selected wheat because it furnishes more nutriment from a given area than any other article in common use. Great stories are told of the productiveness of the banana and other tropical fruits, but even if they furnished nutriment of equal value with wheat they must come to a similar natural limit when the plants begin to crowd each other for sunlight.

If we knew exactly how much land in the highest state of cultivation is now needed, and how much now lying uncultivated can be brought into use, we should have some data on which to figure out the time which population has in which to grow at its present rate. This is a difficult problem and surrounded by a great variety of modifying factors; but as a whole it is simpler than it was in Malthus' time. We will try to give some rough approximation to a solution.

The number of persons who can live upon the products of a square mile varies very much with the customs of the people. In tropical countries where very little clothing is required and the diet is wholly or mainly vegetarian, the number is much greater than is possible in temperate regions. Captain Wilkes found Fijians living more than 1,000 on a square mile. They probably wore very little clothing and lived entirely on vegetable food. In China there seems good reason to believe that there are large provinces which support from 500 to 800 on the square mile. But here domestic animals, with the exception of a few pigs, are unknown. Mr. Williams says that not an acre of ground is ever sown with grass-seed in the whole Empire. When we come to countries which indulge in the luxury of meat, milk and butter, and the conveniences attending the use of horses, the number of persons that can live on a square mile is very much reduced.

Belgium, among civilized European nations, is most densely populated, having 424 to the square mile. But Belgium is a work-shop, exporting enormously of its manufactures while it imports large quantities of breadstuffs. However, the land is in a very high state of cultivation—only one-thirteenth of the entire country being waste.

In England great improvements have been made in agriculture. Still with the immense city of London to

swell the average, Great Britain and Ireland only contain 268 inhabitants to the square mile, while in 1876 the United Kingdom imported 51,904,433 hundred weights of wheat and flour, and 39,963,369 hundred weights of Indian corn, to say nothing of fresh meat from America.

The great cheapening of transportation which has come about in the last half century makes it possible for population to concentrate in places like London, which is really becoming the Capital of the world and draws upon very distant regions for its supplies. For instance, part of the real population of the State of Illinois, that is, the people who really live upon the products of its soil, reside in the city of London. The population of London is growing at the rate of 40,000 annually. For every 500 added to its population, at least a square mile is laid under contribution somewhere—in Illinois perhaps, or in southern Russia; and the 500 as really exclude other inhabitants from the region that supports them as if they were actually upon the soil. Not less than 80 square miles per annum of the fertile soil of the globe are taken up by the growth of the city of London. This growth is probably not all due to births. Such a center draws in inhabitants from the country; but their places at home are soon filled by births.

Now then how much of the earth's surface is taken up? This is a difficult question to answer. The land of the globe amounts in round numbers to 40,000,000 square miles. If this were all equally productive, the earth might, under the best conditions, support a population of 20,000,000,000, instead of about 1,400,000,000 as at present. But the practical problem is, What room is there left for the English-speaking peoples? They are colonizing the world and show the most marked rate of increase at the present time. A glance at the map of the world will show that they are probably confined as to residence to a strip running round the earth in the North temperate zone. The land-area of the South temperate zone is very small in comparison. There are, to be sure, very large regions in equatorial Africa and America which may some day support enormous populations, and furnish an excess of supplies to other regions; but the English experience in India shows that the process of acclimatization is so slow that these countries may be considered barred to the spread of the nations of the temperate zone. Long before the northerners can be acclimated so that their children could thrive in equatoral regions the native inhabitants will, if civilized as in India, multiply to the verge of universal famine in years of scarcity. The southern border of the Australian Continent and the tip of South (temperate) Africa are already planted with English colonies, which, if they follow the course of the United States, will in the course of another century supply the stock for pressing into the equatorial parts of those Continents. At present no English population can live on the north coast of Australia on account of the climate.

A minute survey of the different countries of the two temperate zones, with a view to their undeveloped resources, would take too much space for the present article. Five great fields are yet open to the spread of the natives of the temperate zone; Southern Australia, Southern Africa, the lower part of South America, North America, and Southern Siberia. Russia, with its 80,000,000 and aggressive spirit, may be counted on to fill Siberia and its own territory before the English races can make much headway there. The process of settling new countries is going on with constantly accelerating speed. The original hives—China for instance—are pouring out millions in the place of thousands a century ago. And this must be borne in mind, that facility of communication, while it relieves local pressures, and postpones such famines as that now desolating northern China, only hastens the time when the whole world will come to a sudden rise of the cost of living and a sinking of the price of labor. It would indeed be rashness to predict the precise time when this will take place. There are many reasons for believing that it will overtake us long before all the unused lands are taken up, in consequence of causes which must prevent that rapid redistribution of population which alone will relieve local distress. Even in this country, with all its railroads, the movements of population do not relieve local distress in such changes as have recently come. How much of the present world-wide experience of "hard times" is due to the Malthusian law it would be difficult to say, but we suspect from its universality and from the mysterious depth of its causes that it is a premonitory symptom of the final disproportion between subsistence and unchecked population.

Finally, as food for reflection, the reader may accept the following rough calculation for what it is worth:

The entire land-surface of the globe is in round numbers 40,000,000 of square miles. Probably not more than half of this will ever be available for agriculture; but we will accept the whole to make our estimate as liberal as possible. We have seen that population in the most densely occupied regions, at present very rarely rises so high as 500 to the square mile; but we will take that for a possible average standard for the final totality. Then multiplying 40,000,000 by 500 we have 20,000,000,000 for the number of inhabitants that may possibly live on the globe without feeling the pinch of the Malthusian law. Now the question is how long it would take the present population to reach that number, supposing it to double at the normal rate of once in 25 years. The present number of the world's inhabitants is 1,400,000,000.

This in 25 years would be.....2,800,000,000
In 50 years.....5,600,000,000
In 75 years.....11,200,000,000
In 100 years.....22,400,000,000

Here the limit is passed with an excess of 2,400,000,000. Thus it would seem, if figures do not lie, that before A. D. 1978 the whole world may be liable to such periodical famines as now visit India and China. Some obvious drawbacks from this startling prospect for our grandchildren will be attended to in another article; and what we conceive to be the only possible way of avoiding the catastrophe will be pointed out.

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND THE GOVERNMENT OF THE INCAS OF PERU.

POINTS OF LIKENESS AND UNLIKENESS.

IV.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—I freely admit that my articles on this subject in previous issues of your paper have been largely open to the objections stated in your editorial of February 28th; but, while I sincerely thank you for the candid and yet kindly tone of your criticisms, I think allowance should be made for the circumstances mentioned in extenuation at the commencement of my last article. In allowing myself to be diverted from the direct presentation of my case to meet important objections or misapprehensions as they arose, there were certainly some advantages, though perhaps not enough to compensate for the evident disadvantages both to the writer and to the reader.

However, with one other reference to your editorial referred to, I shall try to proceed to the end without any more digressions. First, as to Revolution; in using the word "revolutionary" I explained in the same sentence what I meant by it, namely: "that the change of system—the change of institutions—will be sudden and radical; just as sudden and just as radical as was the change of the industrial system of the South by the proclamation of Emancipation." I intended to be understood that the change will not come in the shape of a gradual *reform* of the *present* system and *present* institutions, but by the destruction or abolition of these and the substitution of others more or less in harmony with our principles; that the change proposed is organic—is a change of fundamental principles, and can therefore only be effected by *revolutionary* processes. It need not be a "violent military revolution" on that account, as you seem to suppose that I contemplate. (Let me refer you to the second paragraph you quoted from my unpublished letter, in your issue of Dec. 20th last, for my explanation on this point.)

Again, in drawing an analogy between the change we propose in the industrial system of the United States and the change of the industrial system of the South effected by the proclamation of Emancipation, I referred to the organic change in the social condition of the negro population effected by that sovereign act. It was the climax of the revolution, and only required the complete restoration of the government's authority to render the revolution complete. It is true that the "Southern Revolution" was not effected by the negro laborers, neither was it effected by the "brain-workers of the North" *alone;* the "brain-workers" of the South were quite as important agents in the matter; and here comes the significant point,—*the originators and main supporters of the revolution* (though with intentions exactly opposite) *were the rebellious slaveholders!* "The brain-workers of the North" tried all they could to *prevent* the revolution, the instinct of class-interest was so strong within them. Remember Lincoln's words on the subject. The object of our Northern "brain-workers" was *to save the Union*, not to destroy slavery!

Again, you use the phrase "the proposed revolution of the Workingmen," as though the Socialistic Labor Party proposes to follow the example of those educated and cultured brain-workers of the South—capitalists, mind you, not laborers—by inaugurating a rebellion!

It is a mistake to speak of the revolution of our industrial system as something yet to begin, something that may or may not be—*in the future;* it is already here; we are now in the midst of it; indeed, it is far advanced, and I believe we are very near the turning-point! Can any one tell me when the "Southern revolution" commenced, or what was the first revolutionary act? Was it the attack on Fort Sumter, or the first election of Lincoln, or the raid on Harper's Ferry, or the passage of the "Fugitive slave law," or the "Missouri Compromise," or "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or Mr. Garrison's agitation? All these were parts of the revolution. I deem the election of Lincoln the turning-point, because it then passed from the civil to the military stage; the next act was VIOLENCE. The last act of the revolution was the surrender of Lee—the close of the military stage, the restoration of law, the new order of things—the Revolution was complete!

So with the revolution that ended with the surrender of Cornwallis and the acknowledgment by Great Britain of the independence of the United States. When did *it* commence and who commenced it? "Pray don't all speak at once," or we shall have a score of answers. Was the imposition of the duty on stamps, or of the duty on tea in each case a revolutionary act? Was the lawless destruction of the tea in Boston harbor the starting-point of that Revolution? Or the march to Lexington? or the evacuation of Boston? or the Declaration of Independence? Were they not all parts of the Revolution? and was not the last mentioned the turning-point? Previous to that official act of the highest authorities of the Colonies (insurrectionary and provisional as they were), the troubles were just such troubles as we are having to-day and that have been culminating for years past. Until then, *reform of abuses*—not revolution—was the objective point. Until then, very few of the people recognized that they had entered upon a revolution; so it is with us to-day, we are in the midst of a revolution, and no one, or not one in a thousand, seems to see it. We have not yet reached the *turning-point*—that is all; we shall all see it fast enough when that time arrives. When it will be, or what it will be, is beyond human ken. Whether we shall *drift* into domestic war as our revolutionary fathers did, and as we might have done last summer; or whether it will commence by some rebellious action of a portion of the people (the capitalists) against the will of the majority, should the majority obtain power, as was the case in 1860–61; or whether it will come in consequence of the abuse of power by the present ruling minority, who may by law deprive the majority of their present constitutional means of self-defense—such as a limitation of the suffrage would be, or as an extension of it in the direction asked for by some woman-suffragists would be; these are questions that I can not pretend to answer. One thing is evident: the nation is preparing for a new birth, and all past experience goes to show that we ought not to expect to escape the pains and penalties of parturition.

The grave importance of this point I trust will be considered a sufficient reason for my dwelling upon it at such length, and for omitting all other comments on your editorial.

In the further consideration of the general subject I must economize my space to the very utmost. In comparing the system of the ancient Peruvians with my ideal of Social Democracy last week, I said that I could find but one feature of resemblance, namely, that both were industrial organizations on *social* bases as contradistinguished from such an organization on an *individual* basis. I notice, however, one other point of similarity, and this a point in regard to which the advantage is obvious, an advantage, too, that could not be enjoyed under any other than a social system, and an advantage which will be immensely enhanced by railways, telegraphs and other modern means of communication; I refer to the arrangement by which "elaborate reports of all births and deaths, of the crops and the products of the mines, were sent to the capital from all parts of the empire, so that the Inca could tell at any time what the resources of the government were likely to be in any locality." So also "the inferior courts (of justice) were required to make monthly returns of their proceedings to the higher ones, and these made reports in like manner to the viceroy; so that the Inca, seated in the center of his dominions, knew what was going on at the most distant extremities, and could review all or any of the proceedings of his subordinates." If the reader will only consider what the influence of such an accurate and comprehensive supervision and control of the multifarious and now complicated interests of an immense

modern nation would be, and then substitute, in imagination, for an absolute and irresponsible monarch a periodically elected National Council continually in session, and every member representing some special industry or other public interest, and holding his office directly or indirectly from the people and responsible to them; I say, that if the reader will only consider this, and if he is able to dismiss from his mind the prejudice arising from the humiliating spectacle presented by every branch of our present government, National, State or municipal, because of the competing rival interests that now surround them, and because of the same interests that control all elections, and the appointments of all officials—*then*, he will discover the possibility of organizing industry and all other social interests on an absolutely scientific basis, and a means of identifying the highest interests of every unit member of society with the highest interests of the aggregate—the great social unit, the NATION.

But I must leave this branch of the subject to each one to think out for himself, and hasten to point out two or three of the chief "points of unlikeness" in the two systems we are comparing. In the first place, then, the Peruvians were divided into three castes or classes; two of which constituted a privileged or governing class under the supreme control of the Inca; the other the laboring and dependent class, who were virtually slaves. Social Democracy admits of but one class, equal in social and political rights and identical in interests. In the Peruvian system the land was divided among the three classes with great injustice to the laboring poor both in regard to ownership and cultivation and the enjoyment of its products. All other natural resources, such as cattle and minerals, were the exclusive property of the privileged classes, and were only sources of still further injustice to the class. Social Democracy permits no ownership of natural resources, but a careful guardianship and development of them in the interest of all.

But it is useless to continue these comparisons the condition of the great mass of the Peruvians was far more degraded than I had at first supposed, and was only less abject than that of those who lived as parasites upon them.

I shall devote my next and last article to the presentation of an outline of the ideal Social State, and perhaps some practical suggestions for the transition.

W. G. H. SMART.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES BY E. T. CRAIG.

XXVI.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

While engaged in preparing a draught of the regulations deemed necessary for the conditions to be attained by the new system, the proprietor was arranging the conditions on which the estate should be let. I determined to mingle among the people and visit the cabins in the neighborhood. It was somewhat difficult to obtain their confidence and frank opinions as to the plan proposed.

The people were familiar with the native language, and held the chief part of their conversation in it. The young people were also acquainted with English. The higher classes, it was said, "were not able to bless themselves in Irish." I sometimes felt the awkwardness and inconvenience of this position, because it was a mark of distinction which I did not like. The peasantry are proud of their ancient speech as a compound of Celtic and Phœnician. It had become a mark of unpleasant distinction and a sign of Catholicism, while the English was a sign of Protestantism. There was a strong and bitter dislike to the English. I heard of peasants forbidding their children to speak English; and there was as strong dislike to let the English learn to speak Irish. This feeling was nearly proving of serious consequence to me. On passing along the high-road it was the custom of men, women and children to salute a stranger with some kindly greeting in Irish, such as "God be with you!" or on entering a cabin, as *Cia na dint?*—where do you come from? I felt a desire to respond to these kindly greetings in the same tongue in which they were uttered, and requested one of the laborers at Ralahine, who was more intelligent than others, to instruct me so much in the Irish language as to enable me to respond to the usual salutations. I made some progress, but learned the force of the poet's utterance that

"A little learning 's a dangerous thing."

Although this is not true as a general rule it was applicable in this instance, and somewhat dangerous in the prevailing conditions.

In replying to the pious greetings of "God save you kindly!" or "God be with you!" I was instructed by my humorous tutor to reply, "*Tharah-ma-dhoel!*"—Go to the devil! I was astonished to find that my salutations brought me dark, scowling looks, some anathemas in Irish which I did not in the least comprehend, and in one instance, a threat that my unconscious denunciations, if repeated, would soon get me "stretched under a daisy quilt."

I deemed it prudent to change my mischievous tutor for one less dangerous. I afterward discovered that the waggish teacher had no faith in the Saxon, and believed that I might betray the people.

These incidents were very discouraging, but less dangerous than

A RIDE FOR LIFE!

On one occasion Mr. Vandeleur took his family carriage to Limerick, and as he was going to Dublin, it was arranged that when I had finished my business I should return in the carriage to Ralahine.

At a little before sunset I arrived at the inn outside of the city, but within the sound of the bells which Moore has celebrated:

"Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime."

When the two fine, powerful bays were attached to the carriage, while in the coach-house, the coachman, instead of leading the horses into the road, mounted the seat and urged them forward. When he reached the beam above the gates he bent down his head, and the man was caught by the neck and held there. I seized the heads of the horses and backed the carriage into the coach-house, when the coachman dropped the reins and fell upon the foot-board. When lifted down it was found he was unable to stand and had to be supported. For a short time he remained stupefied, and on reviving he urgently requested to be taken to Ralahine. This was a difficulty, as he was unable to hold the reins, and I had not yet learned the mystery of being my own coachman with such a spirited team of horses.

The coachman was lifted into the carriage, and I reluctantly took the reins. It was becoming dusk when we arrived at a part of the road opposite to where the river Shannon partly surrounds the rock of Carrigogunnel, celebrated among the peasantry for its fairies, who take pleasure in surprising visitors, and making them partake of their hospitality. Probably this is a romantic version to account for the effects of a visit to some illicit distillery of "mountain-dew" in that neighborhood. As I was quietly driving past a narrow road leading to the Shannon I heard loud, hilarious voices, and was soon passed by two men driving furiously in a creel or wicker turf-cart. On passing the carriage they slackened pace to a walk in the middle of the road. It was impossible to pass them. When they got a little on one side I tried to pass them, but when abreast of them they struck their horse with a thick broomstick and pulled toward the carriage, and made a blow at me, but either from their spirituous excitement, or the movement of their horse, they swerved on one side and struck the foot-board. Had their blow fallen on the horses near them, they would have become unmanageable, and a serious if not fatal accident must have occurred. The men were loud in their excitement, and I had great difficulty in controlling the horses, who became eager to increase their speed, as if they understood the anathemas in Irish.

Had the men discovered the condition of the coachman I was driving home, it was hardly possible to foresee their conclusions in the maddened state they were in. They might have held me responsible for the coachman's imprudence.

I gave up the contest and allowed these favorites of the fairies to maintain the rule of the road. I kept behind them at a walking pace for a few miles, and on entering Cratlow Wood my tormentors turned off toward a cabin near the road, and uttered a wild, exultant shout of victory. Having got out of one danger I now entered on another, as it was now quite dark on account of the trees, and I did not know the track.

For more than a mile I relied on the experience, habit and instinct of the horses, rather than my own skill. On leaving the wood the road was over the bog belonging to the estate, with deep trenches on each side.

On arriving at Ralahine it was found that the coachman was somewhat worse, and he was carried into one of the cottages and laid on the floor. Those who collected about him said he was dying. It became a serious question as to what was to be done. The nearest surgeon was at New Market-on-Fergus, three miles distant. Another was six miles from Ralahine.

An accident in early life had induced my friends to carry me to the Manchester infirmary. My ward was next to the operating room, and as I was soon enabled to move about freely, my curiosity led me to visit this room whenever opportunity occurred. The result was a desire to use the lancet. I had a pair with me, at Ralahine, and seeing the condition of the man and believing he was suffering from some obstruction in the circulation, I deemed it advisable to relieve him by bleeding.

The remedy was one involving great risk and responsibility, and required great firmness and decision. I took about half a pint of blood from the arm, and the man shortly recovered sufficiently to get up and walk home.

This was a gratifying termination of a journey which is probably quite unique in its way and illustrative of the habits and conditions of the peasantry at the time near Ralahine.

The anxiety to me was very great; by the merest accident I might have opened an artery instead of a vein, and the consequences would have been serious.

Although the result was so far satisfactory, I was thoroughly impressed with the difficulty of bringing the people into harmonious association. But I was also convinced that the evils afflicting the people were social as well as physical, and that political amelioration would not provide the required remedies; and to abandon the effort would be sacrificing a valuable opportunity for testing the value of social organization in improving the condition of the people. But it was clear that it would be necessary to exclude the fairies and banish the spirits if any satisfactory progress was to be secured in the association of the peasantry as a united family, with a large estate, much capital and stock under their own control. Prudence, skill, temperance and perseverance might accomplish success, but without these it seemed advisable not to attempt the experiment.

ECONOMICS.

Economics, or the science of household management, are no doubt studied, in these times of financial embarassments, with unusual interest by thousands of families, who find themselves suddenly or gradually limited as to their means of support. These households are not to be classed among the poor, as the term is generally understood, for they have property of one kind or another; but it is wholly unavailable, from various causes, for meeting their present necessities; so that while they are nominally well off, they are actually poor. Now under such embarrassing circumstances what is their course of action? To sit down, succumb to the "fates," and give up the fight? Nothing of the kind. Writes an aged New Englander to us: "I have made and lost two handsome fortunes, and now I have pluck enough left to make another, and keep it if I can." Writes a lady from the Pacific coast of Oregon: "Mr. F. and I have always worked hard, and by our economical and temperate habits raised up and educated a family of children, married them all off, and had a handsome property left, with which to help others, when, in an evil hour, it was exchanged for 'railroad securities,' which are now entirely worthless; and we, in our old age, are comparatively penniless. Yet we have enough to supply our simple wants, which are few indeed." Habits of economy and self-denial are, in all such cases, so strong, so inventive in ways and means, and so invulnerable to any thing that savors of discouragement or hopeless poverty, that the loss of a fortune often acts as an incentive to extract good out of evil, happiness out of trials, and enduring riches out of penury.

Another correspondent writes from the South: "Previous to the war our Southern boys did not improve their educational advantages, but since the great conflict they have been obliged to go to work, and it is well; for we are all learning lessons in economy, both as regards time and means of support, that probably we should not have learned in any other way." Thus it is seen that there is in these stringent times a class of noble poor, whose poverty has resulted in developing hidden virtues that may prove to be of more value to society than untold millions of wealth. Happiness and noble deeds are born of self-conquest on the one hand, and of the love of righteousness on the other.

But among the class known as the extreme poor by their easy surrender to adverse circumstances and their clamor for aid, there are those who belong wholly to another sphere of life. They are improvident of means of subsistence when furnished them. They know nothing of frugality or the arts of economy. Indeed, the multitude that fill our poor-houses and other places of refuge from utter starvation are, as to their animal appetites and passions, often mere grown-up, ungov-

erned children, and as truely strangers to parental discipline and self-restraint as are the wild animals of the forest. But this unfortunate class of human beings in our midst are only a fraction of society, although it would appear from their conspicuousness by their crimes and sufferings, that they were scarcely less than a majority; but such is not the fact; and, moreover, the wretchedness of this class is being steadily ameliorated from one decade to another. Charity, the gospel solvent, is at work as actively as leaven hid in meal, to circumvent this wild, rude hoard of unfortunates, known as paupers, by having their offspring placed under the control of charitable and educational institutions. These institutions are steadily on the increase, and owned as they are by the public, are subjects of criticism, and hence are progressive. Practically, they are associations or Communities devised for the benefit of poor, ignorant families who had gone into connubial bankruptcy through indolence, extravagance and ignorance. And in these charitable associations the science of economics is studied as it could not be in private households. Practically the administrations of our states and cities are *ex-officio* Socialists, working for enlightened Socialism and limited Communism; unwittingly of course, but nevertheless helping on the revival of Socialistic regeneration, and preparing the way for that good time coming, when enlightened and refined humanity will voluntarily place the business of generation in the hands of science. G. C.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1878.

REV. JOSEPH COOK vs. THE APOSTLES.

The Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, who is said to have appeared before the audiences of that city "successively as theologian, scientist, moral philosopher and dramatist," and to be "in the last character a host in himself," with "shoreless rhetoric" that is "madly florid," not content with making "Herbert Spencer dance a jig" (we quote from the correspondence of the *Chicago Standard*), tearing "Emerson and Parker, Tyndall and Huxley to shreds," and "evolutionizing Darwin back into a clam," has finally had the temerity to attack the Apostles and the Bible! But what else could he do? He had pronounced Socialism a "ghostly" humbug, or worse, and the Apostles and the Bible had described Communism as the form of society which resulted immediately from the down-pouring of the Holy Spirit on the great Day of Pentecost. Their language is unmistakable—nothing plainer in the whole Bible. It has been understood of all men—accepted by Christians in all the centuries which have followed its utterance; and even the Rev. Mr. Cook (we quote from the *New York Independent's* report of his lecture) says: "There is a passage in the New Testament which *affirms* that at a certain period the early Church made all things common." But what of that? What of the plain account of the whole affair which is duplicated in the Acts? What of its almost universal acceptance by the learned as well as the unlearned for eighteen centuries? The redoubtable Reverend has discovered that Neander had a different idea from the rest of the world respecting the Communism of the early Christians—an idea that removes that stumbling-block out of the way of those who have felt bound to recognize "mine" and "thine" as words that would be displaced by the highest Christian life—the life that expressed itself among the Apostles and disciples when they were "filled with the Holy Ghost." Neander had said, "It is perfectly evident from the context that this [the passage affirming that at a certain period the early Church made all things common] contains no declaration of Communism; that the subsequent institutions of the apostles are all in the line of sound thought and the ideals of all time, and that any attempt to twist out of that part of the Bible authority for Socialism is not only idiocy but blasphemy." This is enough for our Reverend lecturer. Neander's interpretation is accepted without question. The rest of the world, save Neander and Joseph Cook and the few who agree with them, if such there are, are idiots and blasphemers, because they accept the affirmation of the Scriptures concerning an event which was enacted at Jerusalem among "devout men out of every nation under heaven," and has since been accepted unquestionably by millions of devout men in every nation under heaven. Who cares for Neander, when every body can see and read what the Apostles and disciples did under the fresh baptism of the heavenly spirit? Neander is no authority in such a matter. Suppose he had affirmed, and the Rev. Joseph Cook had reäffirmed, that nobody was converted on the Day of Pentecost! But there is just as much evidence that there was Communism among the Pentecost Christians as that three thousand souls were converted in a day and wonders and signs were done by the Apostles. These things and their Communism are parts of the same record, and inseparable. We must accept all or reject all.

This effort to prove that Pentecostal Communism was not Communism reminds us of the foolish attempt of certain reformers, in years gone by, to prove that Bible wine was not intoxicating and Bible slavery was not slavery, which injured only the cause of temperance and abolition, so far as it had any effect. If the adherents of the existing social order have to resort to such futile shifts to stem the tide of Socialism, that cause has little to fear.

ARBITRATION AT ICARIA.

Both parties in the Icarian Community are talking about arbitration, which is a hopeful sign. They do not yet agree in their choice of arbiters and as to the conditions upon which the arbitration shall be conducted; but these difficulties are by no means insurmountable. One party proposes as arbiters Icarians who are non-residents of the Community; the other, that each party select from their number two members to form a committee of four, to select five residents of Adams County as arbiters—the same to be disinterested persons who have in no way identified themselves with either party. If they can not mutually agree upon the adoption of either of these propositions, perhaps the following may find favor: let all their difficulties be submitted to three persons from other established Communities—say one from Economy, one from Zoar, and one from the Shakers. Economy might send Jacob Henrici or Jonathan Lenz; Zoar, Simon Beiter; and the Shakers some one from their Western Societies. The objection which will arise to this plan is that of the expense involved, but that would be trifling compared with the great loss that will be incurred if the unnatural struggle is continued for any length of time under the management of the lawyers. The arbiters would doubtless only ask that their necessary traveling expenses should be paid.

The Workingmen are making their power felt through the ballot-box. At the March election four of the principal cities of Central New York—Utica, Auburn, Oswego and Elmira—were carried by them, and they polled a very large vote in Rochester, Troy, and other cities. "The new party," says the *Utica Herald*, "has demonstrated that it is possessed of positive strength, and that it is for the time being the most important factor in the political situation."

COMMUNITY METHODS OF REFORM.

Elder Evans, who, it is well known, has been an apostle of hygiene or physiological reform among his people, told one of the O. C. in a conversation lately that improving changes are going on all the time in the Shaker Societies, not by compulsion of law, but by the persuasion of truth. For instance, the disuse of tobacco, which is almost complete at New Lebanon, has come about not by any ruling of the Ministry, but as the effect of good instruction. Formerly this was a smoking Community. Ann Lee smoked herself, and that was a sanction which made the pipe a household god almost. Smoking was a part of their piety. But now it is a custom honored in its breach, and only two or three keep up the observance. There has been no law at work. The government has not acted. The people have been left entirely free. But the truth has been free too. The prophets have been free. They have kept up the testimony—talked and preached, iterated and reïterated the truth, and its effect has been like the continuous effect of sunshine or of the dropping of water.

Elder Frederick has a theory about prophets. By prophets he does not mean men of miraculous foreknowledge, but according to Paul's definition of their gift, men who speak to the edification of the church. His theory is that the prophets are an everlasting line—the world is never without them, and they take rank above kings and priests. Melchisidec, to whom Levi paid tithes, was one of this line. The Shakers have prophets who may or may not belong to the government, but their testimony is all-important. They keep the truth going, and though the operation is slower than the law it is surer.

This is sound doctrine. It agrees with the popular axiom, that error may be safely tolerated while truth is left free to combat it; and with the position of Christ, who did not deny before Pilate that he was king, but it was because he could not help being so, as witness of the truth. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." He refused to reign by the sword, but his voice would give him a kingdom wherever it should be heard.

The Shaker management of reforms, relying on the power of truth instead of authority, is the only Community way. It is one in principle with the O. C. system of Mutual Criticism. We find ideas allied to this subject in the preamble of a charge lately given to one of the business departments of the latter institution, which may be properly quoted in this connection:

"We all hold firmly that God's way of dealing with us is not to put us under law, but to make us righteous by grace and freedom. This principle is good and true; but it is easily confounded with another which is bad and false, *viz.*, the principle or notion that *not being under law is freedom from responsibility.* It is one thing for God to say, "I will not put you under law," and it is quite another thing for him to say, "I will not hold you *accountable* for what you do." This last he has never said. Strong as the New Testament is in the doctrine of anti-legality, it is quite as strong in the doctrine of a day of judgment when men shall give account of every secret thing and be rewarded according to their works. And all genuine gospel experience runs in this order, *viz.*, first liberty of action for a season, longer or shorter; and, secondly, the rendering of account for that action, and receiving judgment according as it was good or bad. When this is clearly seen to be God's way of dealing with us, the second stage, in which account is to be rendered, will always be present to the mind in the first stage, which gives us liberty. This is exactly the state which Paul—the chief of the anti-legalists—constantly enjoins upon believers. His word is, 'Be free; but also, be ready to give account of your freedom.'"

COMMUNITIES AS CHARITY INSTITUTIONS.

Horace Greeley has described the class of persons who are always ready to sieze the reins and guide any Community to destruction, as "the conceited, the crotchety, the selfish, the headstrong, the pugnacious, the unappreciated, the played-out, the idle, and the good-for-nothing generally;" but who shall describe the great majority of those who are ready to offer themselves as candidates for membership in Communities? And, still again, who shall describe the class who would resort to such societies as institutions for doling out charity? We venture to say every one of the so-called successful Communities has had come to its doors and beg for admission hundreds who were blind, or deaf, or crippled, or paralytic, or slowly dying from consumption or other disease. In many a case the friends of the afflicted have furnished them just means enough to reach one of these Communities, and sent them thither with the assurance that the Communists are very kind people, and never turn any one away. Frequently parents, unable to care for their children as they desire, or wishing to throw off the burden of diseased and deformed offspring, endeavor to place them in some Community, where they are sure, they think, to receive better care than they can give them. Only last week a pitiable case of this kind occurred, which was reported in the Oneida papers. The published account was headed: "A Sad Case—Cruel Abandonment of a Child by its Mother—Hopeless Poverty the Impelling Cause." The mother stopped at one of the hotels of the village on Friday evening, with a deaf and dumb girl about eight years of age. On the next morning she left the child drugged in the hotel and departed, no one knows whither. But in the room were found letters from her telling her sad story. The child was originally bright, but had been subject to fits for two years. She had been in asylums and hospitals, and finally the mother resolved to take her to the Shakers, but her means giving out before she could reach one of their Societies, she concluded to stop off at Oneida, and leave the child with the Oneida Community. But unable to reach the Community, or learning that they did not receive children under such circumstances, she left it drugged at the hotel as already described.

Such cases appeal to our sympathy, and if we had no superior calling we might cheerfully devote ourselves to the care of such unfortunates; but practical Communism and the hospital business are incompatible, as the Shakers and other Communists are learning by much

sad experience. The Communities have two good reasons for asking to be excused from serving as charitable institutions; first, they take care of their own members when sick or from any cause unable to take care of themselves; second, they are working with a united purpose to introduce forms of society from which most of the causes producing the unfortunate classes shall be excluded.

MAY-MARCH.

O. C., Sunday, March 10.

The crocuses have popped up their heads, and the pansies have opened their eyes! What wakeful little budgets! Go to sleep again! Lie down and nestle under the clothes, and take another nap, it is not morning yet. And you, Robin Redbreast, don't be in a hurry about your summer house; go back to town, or wherever you spent the winter, and stay awhile longer. Frogs and all, don't get ahead of the time too far. And O, my precious fruit-buds, be wary of the sun's caresses. Don't let him draw you out till you get some promise of his constancy. It is true the mercury stands at 71° here at O. C. this 10th day of March, 1878; not a breath stirs, and a summery haze broods over the landscape, making it hard to conceive of gusts and snow-drifts, of "winter's lingering in the lap of spring," and all the common phenomena of this time of year; but it is well to keep on the safe side, and within a month at least of the calculations of meteorological experience. The last two or three days would be distinguished even in May as remarkably fine, and the full-grown strawberries would often be thankful for weather like this to touch up their sweetness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Oberlin, O., March 3, 1878.

Editors American Socialist:—Perhaps I am one of those peppery writers whose effusions are excluded from your columns on that account. If so I will venture to say that it is not on account of my ill-nature that I say sharp things, but because I love the truth in a condensed form and to call things by the names which the principles involved would make of them. I war not with men but with principles. If you think any thing I write is too hot scratch it out and publish such part as you think worthy of publication. I think we should stand steadfast to principles without fear of remote consequences which may seem to rise like a lion in the way. The great God of nature will take care of them if we only do our duty. He provides ways and means for all emergencies, and does not require us to cross a stream before we come to it.

I am led to these remarks by the articles entitled "Danger Signals." I can see the apparent danger involved in what is known as the Malthusian theory, but think it more apparent than real. It is true that in an unenlightened state of society, war, famine, pestilence and disease are necessary to keep down population, but they are necessarily concomitant with that degree of civilization. They are the remedies nature provides to guard against greater evils. But how will it be when the world has outgrown that state? Will not the same kind Providence send us other remedies in keeping with our condition? Thus I see on one side those who fear that continued prosperity will cause men to increase beyond the power of the earth to support them; but, on the other side, I see those who fear the advent of truth, and protest against the publication of certain books on propagation. They declare that if people should become aware that they could gratify their amative propensities without the responsibility of becoming parents they would cease to have families, and the human race would become extinct. Now I think the fear on one side ought to counterbalance that on the other and give us faith that all will come out right.

Now I believe in the principles of the Workingmen's Party. Their plans may be crude and undeveloped, but it could not be expected that they would be otherwise. Let us follow what light we have, believing that it will lead to something better; but in the mean time we should not allow that to interfere with our work of building up social and domestic institutions as we can. The two will act as aids to each other in bringing on the time when the whole world will be one Community composed of many happy families.

Yours truly, J. G. Truman.

Springfield, Mass., Feb. 27, 1878.

Editor American Socialist:—I wish I had time to write at length about the Moody and Sankey Meetings here. I arrived last night, just in time to attend one. The City Hall was full, about 2,000, being the smallest Moody gathering I ever attended. In Brooklyn there were at the Moody meetings from 4,000 to 5,000—in Boston from 7,000 to 8,000; but I was impressed that such a crowd is too large for effective handling. Moody preached on the compassion of Christ, a very fruitful and, to me, touching theme. He seems to have a kind of photographic word-power in representing Bible scenes. His descriptions of the restoring to life of the dead son of the widow of Nain and Jairus' daughter and of the return of the prodigal were thrilling; also Christ's weeping over Jerusalem.

Mr. Moody said that he was once invited to preach a funeral sermon, and he thought to himself that he would try and preach just such a sermon as Christ would preach; but his second thought was that Christ never preached a funeral sermon at all. He always restored the dead to life on such occasions. A good point indeed. And then he dwelt briefly on Christ's power to overcome death. All in all, it seemed to me that Moody was a growing man; and this is saying much for one in his circumstances. He must be a humble man in a Bible sense, and keep so, to move the masses as he does. Without Christ he would be puffed up and topple over.

I am told that Springfield is being searched and shaken in this revival as never before, though the movement was slow at the start. The evangelists will remain another week.

I wish I could describe to you the effect of the singing; not of Sankey alone, but of the whole. Indeed, I was better impressed with the congregational and choral features of the singing than with Sankey's solos. He did not appear to be in so good voice as formerly, and then it seemed to me that there was a slight effort on his part to produce a sensation; yet his rendering of the "Prodigal Child," at the close of Moody's discourse, was very telling, especially in connection with the well-trained chorus of the song which followed. I think there were, from first to last, during the service, full twenty songs rendered; all from "Gospel Hymns and Songs," and every one excellent. There is scarcely any limit to the part that these songs play in the promotion and conduct of these revivals. The masses are sung into the truth, or the truth is sung into them, quite as much as it is talked into them.

As a preparatory work for the coming of Moody and Sankey, Murphy, the great temperance reformer, spent eight days lecturing in the City Hall every evening. Mrs. Williams, a sister of the late P. P. Bliss, and, like him, a beautiful singer, with her husband, accompanies him. Full four thousand signed the pledge as the result of their labors. H. W. B.

STORIES OF POVERTY.

[It is good for the rich to see just what the poor have to go through. We have gathered from the members of the Oneida Community some narratives of pre-communistic experiences which we propose to present under the above title. Besides illustrating the distresses that are common among ordinary and "respectable" poor folks, these stories prove what we have often said of the O. C.—that it is not a select society of well-to-do people, but an average slice of humanity, in which all classes are represented and where the rich and the poor meet in equal comfort.]

XIV.

MR. P.'S STORY.

In about the year 1790 my mother's father emigrated from Nova Scotia to the town of Walton, situated on the Delaware, in the southern part of New York. He brought with him his wife and six children. My mother was then nine years of age, and many stories has she told me of the hardships they had to endure during the first few years after their arrival. The country was entirely new, with clearings made here and there by pioneers who had preceded them. Her father immediately set about chopping down trees and preparing the land for the year's crop. Those who had provisions enough to last until harvest-time got along in comparative comfort; but long before the grain ripened grandfather's stock of food was exhausted. The family lived for awhile on such game as they could get from the forests and river; but at last, after several days of fasting, they nailed up the windows, fastened the doors, and laid themselves down on the floor of their log-cabin to die. Some of the neighbors, hearing of their extremity, went to their relief; but though they rapped and demanded admittance, no response came from within. They accordingly knocked the door down and beheld a strange sight. My grandfather, his wife and six little ones were all lying in a row, calmly awaiting the approach of death. When the door fell grandfather sat up and inquired why they were tearing his house in pieces. The neighbors brought a good supply of provisions, and then assisted grandfather to take possession of an equally fertile but less valuable farm, some farther down the river. Here, although never reduced again to actual starvation, the family had a pretty hard time keeping soul and body together. They lived mostly on game, and tested the gastronomic value of nearly all the animals indigenous to that region. The flesh of the musk-rat they found quite palatable, but mink was intolerable. After autumn came, ripening the crops, they had no more serious trouble in regard to food. There was considerable difficulty in getting the grain ground, however, as the nearest grist-mill was thirty miles distant, and horses were so scarce that the only way for a man to do was to shoulder his bag of grain and walk to the mill, taking one day to go and another to return. Meanwhile much of the corn and wheat was eaten without grinding, being boiled whole.

Mother married at twenty-three a clever, industrious man in the neighborhood, with whom she lived happily until the year of my birth. I was the third child, and was born in September, 1812. Father used to add to his earnings by floating rafts of lumber down the river to Philadelphia. The spring before my birth he started off on one of these raft-excursions. He usually returned after an absence of a few weeks, but this time nothing was heard of him for nearly a year. What mother endured to have him gone at such a time, his very existence an uncertainty, can only be imagined by mothers who have been called to go through similar experience. One day in the early spring, when I was about six months old, he suddenly made his appearance. He had been robbed of the money received for the lumber which he sold in Philadelphia, and went to work to earn more in order that he might return. While thus engaged he was drafted into the militia and carried off against his will to fight in the war of 1812. He soon quarreled with his Captain and gave him a flogging. Having committed this indiscretion it was necessary to do something to get out of the scrape. He accordingly enlisted in the United States' service, that being considered exemption from all misdemeanors except manslaughter; then he deserted and ran home. He did not live long in peace, however, for he soon got news that the officers were on his track. He immediately took his family and went to Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he hired out to a farmer who proved to be the father of the Captain whom he had flogged. He was now kept constantly on the *qui vive* lest the Captain should suddenly return, and he used to send mother to the farmer's house several times a day to reconnoitre the premises, in order that he might know of the Captain's proximity as soon as possible after his arrival. One day mother came back with the announcement that the dreaded Captain had actually returned, and then father precipitately fled, no one knew whither.

Soon after father's departure mother took her children and walked back to Walton, a distance of about fifty miles. The oldest child was six, the next four, while I was less than two. She caught a few short rides, but most of that weary way she was obliged to walk, carrying me in her arms a considerable part of the time. On reaching home she set about looking after the crops, which had of course been much neglected. She heard nothing of father's whereabouts for a long time; but at last news came of the execution of seven deserters who had made an unsuccessful appeal to General Jackson for pardon, and one of the number was stated to be a man from Walton, N. Y. As father was the only man of the town who could not be accounted for, it was concluded beyond doubt that he was among the number who were shot. Mother mourned him as dead for several years, and then married again, not much bettering her condition so far as material prosperity was concerned. Her life was a constant struggle with poverty. She was a good woman, and shouldered the burdens which Providence put upon her with the courage and energy of real heroism. I remember that all we had to live on in the line of bread for two months one summer was the siftings of bran made into mush, which tasted very much like boiled saw-dust. In spite of her scanty means mother managed to keep us children at school every winter from the time of my earliest remembrance until I was twelve years old, for which she had to pay a small sum every term.

The spring after I was seven I was sent to work for a farmer at picking up stones and watching the cows. My employer was not a bad man, but he had a most ungovernable temper, and used to give me terrible floggings on the slightest provocation. I saw him once whip his wife with the same ox-gad which he applied to my quivering flesh, and knew of his doing the same thing many times. I remember he gave me a tremendous thrashing one day because I was not spry enough to head off a cow which was going in the wrong direction, though I tried as hard as I could to do it. When I first began working for this man I did my best

to please him in every way; but it was not long before I became so exasperated by unjust punishment that I cared very little whether I suited him or not. He set me at watching his cows one morning, which were in an unfenced lot. Do you suppose I staid? No sooner was he out of sight than I was off playing with the boys. I did not return till near night, and then found the cows in the corn. I received no punishment for this neglect of duty, and I soon found that I was sure to get much worse treatment if I tried to do well and failed, than when I was really ugly.

The summer that I was ten I hired out at driving team for a man who proved to be a veritable old miser. I had to get up as soon as it was light and work till dark, making sixteen hours a day. The food was very poor, and all that I received for that season's labor was seventy-five cents without any clothing. A strange incident happened to me this summer which I will relate.

One lovely afternoon I escaped from my hard master and went out on the river with my brother and another boy in a light canoe. We paddled along for some time enjoying ourselves as only boys can at such sport. I stood at the stern with a long pole in my hands to help the progress of the boat, and consequently had my back to the others, when, just as we reached a part of the stream where the water suddenly deepened, the other boy called out, "Your brother is overboard!" I looked and there, full three rods in our wake and in the deepest part of the river, was my brother's white face rising to the surface for the second time. Not one of us could swim. My first thought was of mother—how bad she would feel if he were lost; and the next was that I must save him. I did not stop to consider any thing but that fact; no idea of danger to myself crossed my mind. Quicker than thought I threw the boat-chain over my shoulder, sprang into the water, dragging the canoe after me, and ran to the drowning boy, who was rising for the last time, and catching him by the shoulders I flung him into the bottom of the boat. Then I stepped in myself and behold! I had only wet my feet. We all commented on the fact in consternation, and a solemn fear of the supernatural came over us. I remembered that as I ran along I seemed to step on large, flat stones of trap-rock, just beneath the surface of the water; but though we went immediately back over the course I had run we could find no trace whatever of the mysterious stones which enabled me to save my brother's life. My memory often recurs to this strange event of which I pretend to offer no explanation. While revisiting the home of my early youth last fall I walked to the river, where I found again the exact spot on which this scene occurred, and afterward talked the affair over with my brother, every incident of which was indelibly engraved on our memories.

The next year I worked all summer for a man who paid me nothing. He did not even give me a new hat which he had promised, and my clothes were few and shabby that winter. When I was twelve I went to live with a farmer, and though I had to work very hard I had plenty to eat and comfortable clothes to wear. I remained with him three years, and then bound myself out to a blacksmith. In two years he died. I was then seventeen, and as no way opened whereby I could earn a livelihood I became a "tramp." For nearly a year I roamed about from one place to another in the State of New York, working for a few days at a time at whatever I could find to do. I know how to sympathize with the poor fellows who go tramping over the country in these days, for many a time I have been ordered away with rough words from the back-doors of farm-houses where I had begged for something to eat. Usually, however, I met with kind treatment, though I often went very hungry, as I never asked for food until I had fasted as long as I could endure it and continue walking. I suffered a great deal during the winter from sore heels, which became so bad that I had to go about slip-shod through the snow. I hired out to a drover while in this condition. I worked for him five days, and at the end of that time he paid me a dollar and a quarter, which was the most money I had ever possessed. I remember I considered myself quite rich.

Late in the spring, having reached a small village near Poughkeepsie, I stopped for a while at the store to rest my sore and weary limbs. On entering I inquired, as was my custom, whether there was any work to be had in the place. After a few moments a Quaker came in, and while talking with the shopkeeper, told him he wanted to hire some one. "Why, here is your man," said the shopkeeper pointing to me. The Quaker accordingly took me home with him to his farm, where I worked all summer, faring pleasantly and receiving good wages. I was also well clothed, and having finished the harvesting of the crops I made up my mind to return home. Instead of going as a tramp I traveled in respectable style, by steamboat and stage. Mother, who had heard nothing of me for a year and had given me up as lost, was overjoyed to see me. She had consulted a clairvoyant about me, who told her that I had gone off on board a sailing-vessel which was wrecked. I had no further trouble about work or wages, and soon began to lay by a little. As I was very fond of reading and had a good memory I managed also to pick up some education.

When I was nineteen there came an unexpected *dénouement* in our affairs. My long-lost father, like Enoch Arden, after an absence of eighteen years, suddenly reäppeared. Unlike Enoch's sweet Annie, mother had no children by her second husband, and was otherwise so conditioned that I doubt if the idea ever crossed father's mind

"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

At any rate, he promptly presented himself and awaited the adjustment of events to the inexorable fact of his existence. Here was a most romantic dilemma! Mother, distracted between the claims of two husbands, laid the case before a lawyer who decided that the one which she preferred had the strongest right to her. Both men accepted this decision in a peaceable spirit. She accordingly chose the lover of her youth, with whom she lived in harmony for two years, when he again mysteriously disappeared, and never was heard of more.

Not long afterward mother and I moved to the town of Vernon, which is situated about six miles from the O. C. domain, then a wild region inhabited by Indians. Here we were living when those who started the Community fixed upon its present site as the future home of Communism. I had long been a believer in Perfectionism, and accordingly made up my mind to put my shoulder to the wheel in forwarding this new era of progress, a resolve which, during the thirty years which have since passed, I have never regretted.

A WAIL FROM A HUSBAND.

To the Editor of the Graphic.

So far from indorsing Mrs. Swisshelm's onslaught on male pantaloons, I heartily wish that a modified style of trousers, or something like them, should be adopted by the entire female world. And not only pants but coats, and not only coats but vests—something after the Circassian or Turkish style. It would save so much time and trouble. I am the husband of one wife. I entered into matrimony prepared for some trial and trouble. But I didn't anticipate it would take the form it did. That form means the weary hours I spend in waiting for my wife to dress. We are always late to church, to party, to theater. If I propose going to some place of recreation in the evening it involves two or three hours' work in getting ready. It takes so long for a woman to get ready. It takes so much to get her ready. Her attire seems a combination of scores of useless pieces, and these pieces are always wearing out, getting lost or coming to pieces. There's ruffs, cuffs, ribbons, hair-pins, other pins, common pins, whale-bones, cords, rings, bracelets, edgings, loops, fans, vasaline, powder, and something is always ripping, tearing, or coming off. A woman dresses to be stepped on, and when she's stepped on she splits or cracks somewhere. I can dress any time in twenty minutes. It takes her two hours, and then there's always something wrong. With the style of dress I recommend, woman could jump into a suit, and in half an hour all this worry and anxiety would be over, and her mind and strength could be used for better purposes. I don't believe women will ever go up in the intellectual scale until they cut down their skirts. ANTI-SKIRT.

New York, February 26.

Beecher is evidently a stirpiculturist. He says:—"A babe's life is not, as is so often said, a sheet of white paper, on which a good or bad writing is to be made. It is rather a sheet written already with invisible ink which only needs the fires of experience to bring out. But the child did not write the scroll there. Who did? His father, his mother, a whole line of ancestors for many generations."

Anthony Trollope has written a book on Africa—South Africa. And this is the way he says the British took Transvaal and the diamond fields: "A sturdy Englishman had walked into the Republic with five-and-twenty policemen and a Union Jack, and had taken possession of it. 'Would the inhabitants of the Republic like to ask me to take it?' So much inquiry he seems to have made. No; the people, by the voice of their Parliament, declined to consider so monstrous a proposition. 'Then I shall take it without being asked,' said Sir Theophilus. And he took it."

UNDERCRUST TO UPPERCRUST.

BY G. E. TUFTS.

O ye two-story heads and double-fisted hearts,
Ye prodigies of intellect and moral worth,
Ye legislators, thinkers, spouters, men of parts,
Ye saviors of mankind, whose brains give birth
To all the schemes supposed of much account
To lift us earthlings from our low estate—
Help! help! for things are mixed! something is wrong!
Are we alone the ones that are to blame?
Will we not work? don't we save close enough?
I think we'll work—when we can get a chance;
I think we save—all but our souls and skins.
Why can't we live, when every thing's so cheap,
And human life won't bring four bits a day?
We'd dig our living from the stubborn soil;
But it's monopolized, as air and light
Would be if it were only feasible.
Help! with your wisdom, ye who claim
To have some object more than mere self-help;
The land is full of wealth that rots unused,
And untold sinew wastes or turns to vice.
Ye broad-cloth, plug-hat men who never worked
(To set on edge your tempers, numb your brains),
What do you offer? or will you abdicate?

UPPERCRUST TO UNDERCRUST.

Good people, pray be patient, even discreet,
If you can somehow manage it; do you think
That we few heads can lift the whole world's weight?
Negroes, Chinese, idiots, drunkards, women,
Children invalids and people who won't work?
Consider all the badness round us loose—
Why, we esteem it much to barely keep
The world in half-way decorous policing,
And stop you from confused, unmannerly grabs
At one another's throats and pocket-books;
We think it much that sometimes there's no dearth,
And carnage sometimes rests, and only comes
In wholesome God-appointed cataclysms,
When times are ripe and popular veins are full.
Good people all, we love you; what shall we do?
Shall we give place to coarser, meaner men,
Who'll pluck you worse and teach you next to nought?
Can you expect to manage your affairs
And save your total earnings to yourselves
Without first learning how that same is done?
Business is vile enough, as now it's run,
But once let all men understand its ways,
'T'would be less vile; no myriad goose-flock then
For cunning, cruel fox and vulture use.
It is your 'plaint that Business' golden gains
Appear upon the wrong side of your book.
True, true; but have you any rightful claim
Or hope to flourish by the tricks of Trade,
While you're too indolent to take the pains
To learn the buying, selling, managing art?
Disfog your brains; learn order, prudence, thrift;
Combine your wits and means; use trading skill,
Not to fleece others but to save your own.
Grow fit to regulate your own affairs,
And we'll give place to you, our grown-up heirs.

CO-OPERATIVE AIMS.

By Henry Murphy, President of the Lanark Coöperative Institute.

Mankind have set up many graven images and false gods which they worship. Instead of truth, benevolence, and justice being their rule of conduct, the god on which all their aims and aspirations are centered, they have forsaken this spirit of divinity, and, to the utter neglect of all other consequences, have established the idea of "Will it pay me in hard cash? Will it yield a profit to me, no matter what it yields to others?" Men of the world pride themselves on their practicality—no sentiment or poetical humbug with them; they must have the hard material; while, if they were casting up a fair balance, they would be somewhat startled with the result. They totally ignore the general result—the poverty, falsehood, dependence, envy, and strife, which are the concomitant fruits of their material profit. Every fortune made presents two aspects—one of energy and perseverance; the other (which is the general result) such wrecks of moral force, such withering of hopes and drying up of all the springs of benevolence, such pinching, and striving, and robbing other men of the pleasures of their lives, that even the millionaire, were he capable of summing up the fruits of his success, might feel sad amid all his treasure. Practical men think that they are at the root of the matter. That splendid mansion, that steam-engine, that printing-press, is worth a thousand theories. Perhaps it is so. An accomplished fact is ever greater than a conception. But let them remember that that mansion, engine, and printing-press once existed only in theory; therefore, the brain that conceives, though it may be dubbed a dreamer, is in reality the root of the matter. It was the theorist who lifted the savage, half-naked men living in mud huts, to the well-dressed men living in the mansions of to-day. It was by him that the rude gesticulations and uncouth sounds were changed to the music,

elegance and poetry of to-day. Our knowledge of art and science is but the offspring of many theories. Let us not despise the theorist; we have need of some one to dream of a better system of society. Our present position is not all that may be achieved. Labor, the source of all wealth, has no share in the distribution of its fruits. We coöperators have a theory by which this wealth will become the property of the creators of it. Harmony is the highest law of nature; toward this end all the efforts of reformers are ever directed, not to destroy but to build up; not to annihilate but to re-create; to build a new world in which the individual selfishness shall be utilized, and find ample scope not in antagonism to, but in conjunction with, the well-being of others. This is the highest aim of all true reformers, and this aim, we hold, is being rapidly accomplished in the coöperative movement. It may be that there are many eras to pass through before our ideal of coöperation is realized, but we hold that sufficient has been already accomplished to give us hope in the future. The statesman's arm was well-nigh paralyzed in the hopeless attempt to remedy the evils of competition. Laws against adulteration, mixing, etc.—efforts of the legislature to protect society against the avarice of unscrupulous tradesmen—were often made, and as often baffled and frustrated. With one sudden bound society protects itself; and all the efforts of the legislature to hem in and keep within bounds the selfish avarice of the retail dealer are made unnecessary by coöperation. Light weight, mixing, etc., become things of the past; no laws or inspectors are needed, for it is a part of the system to sell pure goods and full weight, and all the machinery of the law becomes unnecessary, from the simple fact that the interests of the purchaser and seller are identical. Thus, by bringing harmony out of chaos, by helping one another instead of hurting one another, we advance a step nearer to the realization of justice, and exhibit to the world the startling phenomenon of a society practicing the divine principle of the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you"—a phase of human life in which the nobler nature of man is awakened, and the practice of his daily life becomes wedded to, and in harmony with, his higher aspirations. Great as the material advantages are which this movement of ours has conferred on society, I hold these are secondary in importance to the benefits which are not apparent to the casual observer, and which lie as it were beneath the surface. The independence, integrity, self-reliance and honesty which spring from this movement seem to me to be even greater than the material benefits which it confers. Could we lift the veil of secrecy which hides the life-struggle of workingmen, we would there find revealed such wrestling, striving and suffering, that the world of fiction, with its tragedies and fearful scenes, would become tame and insipid by reason of the contrast, and the imagination of the novelist would be found incompetent to vie with the fearful reality of the every-day life and experience of workingmen. To preach contentment under such circumstances becomes a mockery—nay, contentment under such circumstances is a crime, a crushing-out of the promptings of our better nature. Misdirected and misapplied, these divine promptings become fraught with evil to society. Hence fair cities are laid desolate, cries for bread are silenced in the stillness of death, revolution succeeds revolution, insurrections are riddled with bullets and drowned in blood, reigns of terror startle and appall humanity, and the vivid lightnings of the anger of peoples surcharged with suffering is ever finding vent in movements full of terrible significance. Strikes and lockouts—trade-union riots such as we witnessed in America—lockouts such as the lockout on the Clyde—are but the outburst of the same feeling which culminated in making France a chaos of that ungoverned passion which swept like a mighty deluge, breaking every barrier, till every human feeling seemed strangled out of existence, till every tie which bound men to our humanity seemed broken and sundered—a deluge of hate and fury which stayed not till the murderers and the murdered were overwhelmed in a common ruin. At this present moment society presents a spectacle which may well fill the minds of the thoughtful with the liveliest apprehensions. Hundreds of thousands of workingmen on the one side clamoring in no uncertain fashion for a better position; thousands of employers on the other resisting, some single-handed, some united. Thus the two armies of workers march on, frowning and menacing each other, breaking into open ruptures, inflicting losses on each other, and suffering, that the very memory of it becomes a dark shadow over their future life. Whither shall it lead? becomes the question of the hour—a question which must be solved, or as sure as that water in the mine, if not pumped out, will drown the workers, or that foul gas shall stifle them, so sure shall these pent-up human feelings find an outlet. God grant that it may not be in the letting loose of blind, unreasoning passion. Over this vast far-reaching chaos of conflicting and antagonistic interests, writhing and struggling for the mastery, is there no rainbow of hope to give promise of better things? Yes. As coöperation solved the problem in relation to retail dealers, and cured the evil where the statesman's arms fell prone and powerless, so in like manner will this movement solve the problem of the relations of capital and labor—not on the principle that might is right, that vast fortunes are for the few, and poverty, pauperism, and privation for the many, but resting on the firm basis of the rights of the laborer, the rights of the capitalist, and the rights of the consumer: these three, not as hitherto in antagonism to, but in harmony with each other, as defined in the coöperative principle. They will form a triumvirate, embracing the great forces of human progress, ranging from the humble worker in the mine to the man of science in his laboratory, uniting the hand-workers and the intellectual workers, linked together by a common aim—that great aspiration of humanity which is breathed in all the poetry we most dearly cherish; which, entwined around our purest feelings and our fondest hopes, comes like the vernal showers drawn by the warmth of affection from the great ocean of God's love; seen in a mother's affection for her child; in all that is noble and true and good in man; in all that is sublime and beautiful in nature, never resting, but ever flowing down through centuries and centuries of years, culminating in the acknowledged fatherhood of God and the great brotherhood of man. Toward this end let us all labor, whether amid the storms of opposition or the sunshine of popular favor; never swerving from our purpose, we will find co-workers in every flower that blooms, in every star that shines; and, though our names may be forgotten, and our last resting-place unknown, the good we have achieved shall live, and the principle we have striven for shall not die, but shall continue to act upon society till the angels' song shall sweep o'er the world—not confined to Bethlehem's plains, but rolling from pole to pole, rising to heaven in one grand and mighty anthem, as the united heart-throb of humanity—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men."

ITEMS OF NEWS.

HOME.

Madcap March has gone a-Maying.

The melancholy days of spring and "greens" are upon us.

Dr. Mary Walker's trowsers cost her too much, but she don't know it.

Mosquitoes have made their appearance in Central New York in great hunger and emaciation.

March 8th.—The Snow-drops are coming up to see if there is any April fooling about this weather.

Gold went down to $100\frac{7}{8}$, and the bonds went up in London, but that has nothing to do with the silver bill.

The new dollar will at present only be paid out in exchange for gold coin and for the purchase of silver bullion.

That English sparrow is a tramp who doesn't propose to help you about the early worm. Shoot the hated furriner.

There is no discounting the President's veto. Congress did itself no honor in denying that paper the usual courtesy.

Texas has differentiated the hog till she has a breed with solidungulate hoofs something like those of a horse. The Jews can eat pork now.

Secretary Sherman will issue certificates of deposit presently, so you won't have to carry a quart of silver dollars in your right trowsers'-pocket.

Call the little colleges around you and make a univarsity of them. Then when you give a man a title it will be a thundering *D. D.* or a great rumbling *LL.D.*

On the first of March, 1877, there was $2,532,755 surplus gold in the United States Treasury. Now there is $52,925,729 accumulated for the purpose of specie resumption.

The business men have been holding a meeting in New York with a view to forming a United States Board of Trade, which is to be modeled after the Board of Trade of Great Britain.

The five tribes of civilized injuns don't want to have their Bureau moved into the War Department. They say in language very like a white scholar's talk, that they have had enough of that department.

The Mennonite church at Bryan, Ohio, has had to pay an excommunicated man $2,500 for shaking his wife over their hell and thereby compelling her and the children to leave him. He wanted $10,000.

Mrs. Anna H. Leonowens will teach Sanscrit awhile at Amherst before returning to Europe. It was she who taught school in the harem of the King of Siam, and afterward told the story of it all in a book.

New York is looking out for a site for another State-Prison. The prison business is coming up. Superintendent Pillsbury has made Sing Sing pay its way; before he took it, it run the State in debt $20,000 a month.

The San Franciscans are considering a plan for letting their sewer-gas into the street-lamps and burning it. A happy idea. If something of the sort is not done our modern conveniences will be the death of us.

If the Rev. Mr. Cook of Boston doesn't know when to stop dishing out religion and philosophy and morals in that hasty, soupy manner of his, some irreverent paragrapher will be speaking of him, by and by, as Seph' Cook, that "pious blatherskite."

The trustees of the East River Bridge have made requisitions on New York and Brooklyn for $1,500,000, making in all just $10,000,000. The bridge will have two carriage-ways, two railways—the cars on which will be drawn by stationary engines on shore—and one promenade.

What is the use of being an honest man, or President, or any thing else, if you don't have a party at your back? That is what the gold bugs are yelling at Mr. Hayes. If he had only troubled himself to secure three or four Senators he might have stamped on that silver bill to some purpose.

Senator Wallace's bill providing for a long-time bond for savings has passed the Senate, with an amendment raising the interest to four per cent. If the bill becomes a law it will afford a very convenient mode of investment for those who have small savings, and will, we hope, discourage the more reckless savings-banks

Ten thousand workingmen got together lately at Pottsville, Pa., to have their say about any alterations in the tariff affecting industry. This is a novelty. The proprietors and capitalists generally think it is their business to look after the law-making. By the way, it ought to be mentioned that the workingmen carried the last election in Utica and in three other considerable cities in New York.

Don't be deterred from being good by that old unscientific notion that ministers' sons and deacons go to the bad. Professor Austin Phelps says, "In a certain New England town of some thousands of people, the records of the Christian families were once examined thoroughly to test this question. The proportion of the children of such families who became religious men and women was more than five to one."

When you get to be one of the elect you can talk about pictures in this condensed, chuncky, technical way: "Mr. Inness," whose single contribution, "Near North Conway, N. H. (10), hangs near, is not seen at his best, though his picture is, as might be expected, suggestive and strong. It is, nevertheless, in too low a key to be fully satisfactory; its color is rather crude, and there is an absence of consonance and repose among the relative parts."

Mr. D. G. Croly, of the *Daily Graphic*, has been spoken of as a man fit for a place on the International Silver Commission. His paper has worked valiantly for the remonetizing of silver, as well as for the general policy of the administration. He was one of the very first great editors to see the availability of Mr. Hayes for the presidency. He knows the value of silver as money, and if the President is not averse to that kind of man he will do well to consider the fitness of Croly for the place.

The Industrial League, representing the manufacturers of cottons, woolens, laces, putty, glass, all kinds of metals, sugar and molasses, silks, chemicals, paper, books, leather, ships, agricultural products and sundries not easily classified, is somewhat nervous over your Democratic tinkering of the tariff. The Executive Council of the League has been holding meetings in Washington and urging a variety of reasons why the tariff should not be meddled with at all. They see small promise of good in the new bill.

The legislators of New Jersey have reduced the rate of interest in that State to 6 per cent., and will allow no contracts at a higher rate. They probably think that is a step toward the millennium. There are folks who think we might have a law fixing the prices of food, clothing, house-rent, wages, and the certainty of a job. Legislation is, indeed, one of the greatest agencies in modern evolution. Why not go straight along and frame a bill setting every thing to rights at once? we have waited long enough.

The Rev. Dr. Armitage, of New York, has been lecturing on the "Poets and Poetry of the Bible." "Solomon," says he, "is descriptive and didactic, while David storms the heart and arouses the emotions. Byron and Virgil have described a thunder-storm, but they describe only a hubbub of the elements in comparison with the twenty-ninth Psalm, where David shows how the God of glory thundereth." Get the works of Solomon and David; they are kept by all respectable dealers.

A Washington correspondent of the *Nation* has this word of commendation for the President: "Mr. Hayes has effected a real work of purification—that is, if he has not 'disestablished the machine,' he has made it decent. The oil is of better quality and has no offensive odor. The frequenters of the White House are reputable and respectable, and there is no 'mind-poisoning' going on in it. No notorious cheat, or knave, or jobber expects to get any shelter or support there against pursuit from the outside. The President, too, is ready to discuss and be persuaded, and even to listen to vigorous remonstrance, and he is in sufficiently close relations to the intellectual currents of his time to be open to new ideas and be capable of revising his own position."

FOREIGN.

The Pope says, "I will do Vat-i-can to make this church stand up."

The Pope had a very quiet coronation at the Sistine Chapel on Sunday, the 3d. None but friends of the family invited.

The Kimberley diamond-mine of South Africa sent away about $10,000,000 worth of stones in the year 1876.

The Grand Lodge of Free Masons of England has decided

not to recognize any person as a Mason who has been initiated into a lodge which denies a belief in God. This is to hit the Grand Orient of France, which has lately purged its ritual of all belief in God.

The moons of Mars keep on going around that planet at a higher rate of speed than it turns on its own axis. This is very damaging to the nebular hypothesis, and the astronomers feel called on to account for the fact by some special explanation.

Professor Virchou don't believe in having a man print all he thinks in big letters. What you absolutely and objectively know you can put in big type, but what you conjecture and infer and conclude and generalize ought to go in after the main text and in smaller type.

King Humbert opened the Italian Parliament in person on the 7th, and delivered a speech from the throne. He promises to "consolidate and render fruitful the great work of Italian unity to which its glorious founder devoted his life." He asks for some money with which to put the army and navy on a footing equal to the requirements of modern military art and science.

The Cuban insurrection has not wholly simmered down. A thousand insurgents were at a late date still under arms. Up to March 7th only 1,230 persons had surrendered. The terms of peace offered by the Spaniards are quite liberal so far as known. They are: Political rights for Cuba identical with those enjoyed by Porto Rico; general amnesty for offenses since 1868; freedom to the insurgent slaves and coolies; safe conduct for any insurgent wishing to leave the island.

It is probably well for the church that the old Pope died when he did. He, no doubt, had been reading materialistic books and was getting into a modern way of thinking. "People in raw and gloomy climates," he said, "live in fear of the devil, but the inhabitants of more favored lands live in the love of God." Sin, Satan and the East wind don't cover the whole ground. There is a devil which cometh up from the mucky bogs in sizzling August, and he dippeth you in a hell-broth one day and hangeth you out to dry the next.

The aspect of European affairs has become decidedly pacific since the signing of the terms of peace. These terms, however, have only been agreed on in some general way or in mass; their details have yet to be worked out. Russia appears to have made her demands as startling as possible; perhaps for the sake of discounting her bill for indemnity some 25 per cent. and thereby mollifying the rest of Europe. She does not ask for the Turkish iron-clads nor for a lien on the Egyptian and Bulgarian tributes. The new boundaries of Bulgaria do not include Adrianople; they skirt along the Ægean Sea from Kavala to Makai, and greatly interfere with the Grecian aspirations for a united Greece, the inhabitants of Thrace being largely Greek. The Russians are in possession of all the Roumanian towns which once belonged to Bessarabia. The Roumanians don't want to put up with the Dobrudscha or any other piece of bog in exchange for their part of Bessarabia.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Constantinople, thus describes the way in which the Turkish "Johnny comes marching home:" "Many of these old soldiers are perfect types of misery. They are in rags, their guns look as if they had been in mud-puddles, their heads hang like those of whipped school-boys, and they wearily drag one foot after the other, generally going in single file, as if misanthropically disgusted with life. Sometimes a regiment comes in whose clean, well-kept guns show soldierly instincts; but even here the step is without spring, the ranks disordered, and the appearance of the men is utterly weary and demoralized. Their condition is melancholy enough to warrant the expression of their faces. They have suffered every thing. They have frozen and starved alternately, and both frozen and starved together. They have fought desperate but hopeless battles, and have found all their efforts vain, through incompetent leaders. They have sacrificed their home property, crops and cattle, and are now reduced to extreme poverty, being denied even the small sum needed to go home."

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